

THE WASHINGTON TIMES MAGAZINE PAGE.

The Restless Sex

A Romantic Film Drama With
MARION DAVIES

By Robert W. Chambers.

(Continued from Saturday.)

"You know," he said, laughing, "that I ought to play my part of Fourth Caliph and go and capture a pretty widow."

"What?"

"Certainly," he said, tranquilly, "didn't I take prisoner Ayesha, the youthful widow of Mohammed? I'll look about while you're dancing."

"I don't wish you to!" she exclaimed, half vexed, half laughing. "Oswald, does he mean it?"

"He looks as though he does," replied Grismer, amused. "There's a Goddess of Night over there, Cleveland—very pretty and very unconcerned under a cloud of spangled stars."

"Oswald! I don't wish him to! Jim! Listen to me, please—" for he had already started toward the little brunette Goddess of Night. "We have box 7. Please remember. I shall wait for you!"

"Right!" he nodded, now intently bent on displeasing her; a little excited, too, by her solicitude, yet fully understanding that it sprang from no deeper emotion than her youthful heart had yet betrayed for him. No woman ever let a man go willingly, whether kin or lover. Stephanie, managing to keep him in view among the dancers, saw the little Goddess of Night, with her impudent nose tilted, looking at him and her scandalous diaphanous draperies in his arms through a dreamy tango, farther and farther away from her.

BORROW LACE FROM THE DEVIL.

Things went wrong with her, too; she dropped her emerald giraffe and several of the paste stones rolled away; the silk of her body-vest ripped, revealing the snowy skin, and she had to knot her gold sari higher. Then the jeweled thong of her left sandal snapped and she lost it for a moment.

"The devil!" she said, slipping her bare foot into it and then skating toward the nearest lower-tier box. "There he is over there," remarked Grismer, indicating a regulation Mephistopheles, wearing a blood-red jacket with a wealth of superfluous points.

"Wait! I'll borrow a lace of him." The devil was polite and had no objection to being despoiled; and Grismer came back with a lace, which he tied to the nearest lower-tier box.

He chatted gaily with her for a while, leaning there on the chamois edge beside her, but Stephanie had become smilingly inattentive and preoccupied, and he watched her in silence, now, curiously, a little perplexed by her preoccupation. For it was most unusual for her to betray inattention when with him. It was not like her. He could not remember her ever being visibly uninterested in him—her displaying plain occupation or indifference when in his company.

STEPHANIE IS PREOCCUPIED.

However, the excitement of seeing her brother again so unexpectedly accounted for it no doubt. The excitement and pleasure of seeing her brother! A slight consciousness of the fact that there was no actual kinship between this girl and Cleveland passed through his mind without disturbing his tranquillity. He merely happened to think of it. . . . He happened to recollect it; that was all.

"Stephanie?"

"Yes."

"Shall we sit out this dance? Your sandal string will hold."

"I don't know," she said, "who is that dancing with Helen? Over there to the left—"

"I see her. I don't know—oh, yes—it's Phil Grayson."

"Is it? I wonder where Jim went with that woman? I'm terribly thirsty, Oswald."

"Shall we have some supper?"

"Where is it? Oh, down there! What a stuffy place! It's too awful. Couldn't you get something here?"

He managed to bribe one perspiring and distracted waiter, and after a long while he brought a tray towering with salads, ices and bottles.

Helen and Phil Grayson came back and the former immediately revealed a healthy appetite.

"Don't you want anything to eat, Stephanie?"

Steve?" she inquired. "This shrimp salad isn't bad."

"I'm not hungry."

"You seem to be thirsty," remarked Helen, looking at the girl's flushed face and her half-filled wine glass. "Where is Jim?"

"Dancing."

"With whom?"

"Some girl of sorts whom he picked up," said Stephanie; and the pink flush in her face deepened angrily.

BUTTON EYES AND SNUB NOSE.

"Was she worth it?" inquired Helen, frankly amused.

Stephanie's cheeks cooled; she replied carelessly:

"She had button eyes and a snub nose and her attire was transparent. She held her left hand planted and supported her chin on her cupped palm."

"They were dancing again. Grayson came and took out Helen; a number of men arrived clamoring for Stephanie. She finally went out with Verne, but not liking the way he held her left hand planted and returned to the box where a number of hilarious young men had gathered."

Harry Belter said:

"What a double, Steve? I never saw you glib before in all my life!"

"I'm not glib," she said with a forced little laugh. "I'm thirsty, and her left hand planted and returned to the box where a number of hilarious young men had gathered."

Later Helen, returning from the floor, paused beside Stephanie to bend over her and whisper:

"Helen Belter is behaving like a fool. Don't take anything more, Steve."

"The girl lifted her flushed face and laughed."

"I feel like throwing discretion into the 'fire of spring,'" she said. "That's where most of these people's clothing has disappeared. I fancy, Excitement, burned in her pink cheeks and wide gray eyes, and she stood up in the box looking about her, poised lightly as some albatross, on the verge of taking flight."

REFUSES TO DANCE.

Grismer rose too and whispered to her, but she made a slight, impatient movement with her shoulders.

"Won't you dance this with me?" he repeated, touching her arm.

"No," she said under her breath. "You annoy me, Oswald."

"What?"

"Please don't be quite so devoted. . . . I'm restless."

She turned and started to leave the box. The others were leaving, too, for dancing had begun again. But at the steps she parted with the jolly little company, they descending to the floor, she turning to mount the steps alone.

"Where on earth are you going, Steve?" called back Helen, halting on the steps below.

"I want to see the floor from the top gallery," replied Stephanie, without turning her head; and she ran lightly upward, her bells and bangles jingling.

Half way up she turned her head. She had not been followed, but she saw Grismer, below, looking up, watching her flight. And she made no sign of recognition, no ray of amity and adieu; she turned her back and sped upward through the glamor and hazy brilliancy, turned into the first corridor, and vanished like a firefly in a misty twilight.

CHAPTER XIX.

At 3 in the morning the Ball of the Gods was in full and terrific blast and still gathering momentum. A vast musical uproar filled the Garden; the myriad lights glittered like jewels through a fog; the dancing floor was a bewildering, turbulent whirlpool of color.

Few, if any, of the dancers had reached the point of saturation; the ball, however, had attained the state of saturation.

As far as Cleveland could see the only difference between this and a more miscellaneous assemblage seemed to be that the majority of people here knew how to ignore unpleasant lapses in others and how to efface themselves if surprised into accidental indiscretion.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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This Day in Our History.

The Federal fleet and batteries began the demolition of Fort Sumter, which had played an infamous part earlier in the civil war, on this date in the year 1863.

Rose-Petal Complexion.

Delicately soft and refined is the complexion aided by **Nadine Face Powder**.

This exquisite beautifier imparts a delicate bloom—a charm and loveliness which endures throughout the day and lingers in the memory.

Its softness is refreshing, and it does not harm the tenderest skin.

Sold in its green box at leading toilet counters or by mail—60c.

NATIONAL TOILET CO., PARIS, TENN., U. S. A.

Coconol Oil Shampoo.

Shampoo your hair regularly with **COCONOL**—the delightful coconut oil shampoo made in sanitary cube form. Simply dissolve a cube in a cup of hot water and rub it into the hair till you have worked up a creamy lather.

Try this perfect shampoo. It only costs 25 cents a box—enough for twelve refreshing shampoos. Your dealer has it or will gladly get it for you.

For Sale by **People's Drug Stores**

Should Married Women Work? Should Working Women Marry?

Belief All Women Are Natural-Born Mothers Is Bunk.

All Mothers Are Not Motherly.

By Susie Shoppe.

The man who invented proverbs and old sayings ought to be shot at sunrise, drawn and quartered, boiled in oil and cast into the rough sands of the sea. He is responsible for more silly excuses for doing things the conventional, and therefore the unnatural, way, than any other class of apes.

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one cannot say that the children suffered.

Because a woman has unusual business ability and acumen is no reason she should be barred from marriage and a home with children in it.

Marriage should not be a matter of a meal ticket for the woman and a roof over her head for the rest of her life. It should rather be the wise choosing of a mate, and living with that mate in the happiest way possible. This may mean she will continue in business or she may leave business for the home.

But the average woman of today is a home lover and a home maker, or believes she is. She finds a quiet life in the home, and happiness in the home. If such a woman is working, she will marry when the right man comes along, and not until he does. She is not hanging on to a job, or waiting for Tom, Dick, or Harry to release her. She chooses her mate,

makes her home, and lives her life in her own way.

Having been in business, she knows the value of a dollar, or of dollars, these days. She, no doubt, has learned to systematize her work in the office and will apply the same methods in the home. She will be able to get a nap in the afternoon and be fresh, bright, and entertaining when husband comes home in the evening. She will be quick to detect his humor and to humor him. For she has studied the men with whom she worked and has learned to know when to ask for a raise in salary or a new typewriter.

She has the innate motherly qualities which were motherhood in business. She will bud and blossom and husband and children will worship her.

So the married woman may find fullest expression in work and the working woman may find fullest expression in the home. Let each follow her own bent.

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Household Suggestions

Use cheap tumblers for preserves, and utilize as drinking glasses when empty.

Apples baked individually should be eaten and the spaces filled with chopped raisins or dates.

Keep a crock in the plate warmer for bread crumbs. They will become very crisp and ready to roll.

Over the kitchen sink should be a strip containing hooks upon which all sorts of utensils may be hung.

To set delicate colors, soak in alum water, two ounces to a tub, and to set dark colors, use strong salt water.

Run a thread through the picots along the edge of tatting before washing it; pull thread out after it is rinsed and the picots will all be in place.

Fill a bottle with hot water, place the splinter over the mouth, press tightly; the suction will loosen it, and it will be an easy matter to remove it.

Give your coffee pot a frequent wash. Fill it with water, add one or two teaspoonfuls baking soda and let boil twenty minutes.

To remove mildew rub on equal parts of chalk and soap mixed together. Then place in the sun until the spots disappear.

When washing windows add a little vinegar to the water.

All poultry should be drawn and then hung away in the cold for about twenty-four hours before cooking.

Milk will keep sweet longer if placed in a shallow pan instead of a pitcher.

Tough meat can be made tender if placed in vinegar water a few minutes.

When sour milk is called for in a recipe, use soda with it.

Cold fruits require cold jars, hot fruits, hot jars.

Cakes should be kept in tightly covered cake tins or earthen jars in a cool place.

Cakes made with molasses burn much more easily than those made with sugar. Therefore, care should be taken with them.

Machinery aided by the force of gravity turns fresh strawberries into jam while you wait, in the big canneries of British Columbia. The rapidity of the process is reminiscent of Chicago's method of transforming a pig into sausage before your eyes.

Strawberries at the height of the season poured into the canneries by the carload from the lower valleys of the Fraser and Columbia. With the public's mouth watering for the fresh fruit and a tremendous demand for it for canning purposes, strawberries have become one of the most profitable crops of the province.

The process of jam making begins when the berries are delivered on the platform at the cannery. The twenty-five-pound pails in which they come from the fields are dumped on tables where they are washed and capped by girls who toss them into a traveling belt which carries them to the boiling kettles. Sugar water and other ingredients, measured automatically, are delivered by gravity into smaller kettles suspended above the boiling berries and stirred by machinery. When the jam is finished it is cooled by passing over a system of water pipes. Machinery can do it and pack it into cases at the rate of one can every twenty seconds.

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When a Girl Marries

An Interesting Story of

EARLY WEDDED LIFE

By Ann Lisle.

In a maze of words and explanations, we managed to convey to Tom Mason that Miss Warren and Mr. Haldane were merely calling on Jim and me, and hadn't been invited to this picnic. Whereupon Tom made up for the previous lack of invitation and made up a hundredfold.

Scornfully I thought that if ever a man was a completely consistent philanthropist, that man was Thomas J. Mason, Esq. In the short time I've known him, I've seen him plunging into attempted flirtations with each new woman he met. He always has a good excuse—an opening gambit of family friendship, sympathetic understanding, or even business. Something stirred unpleasantly in the back of my mind at the word "business" went through it, but I didn't deal with it then, because I was watching to see how Miss Warren took Tom's gallantry, directed at her through her uncle as it was.

But Miss Warren did nothing. She sat back with a respectful willingness to let her uncle deal with the situation. "Thank you, sir, but I never indulge in Sunday excursions," said Mr. Haldane. "No prejudice or principles in the matter. I know the world needs its outdoor relaxation and I'm glad it can get it through the perfection of the gasoline engine. But I am an old man. Meditation and the quiet of my home are the real need. And I confess to an every week chess game and pipe smoking visit with an old crony. I'm too old for motor excursions—too old, sir. Come, Irma, my dear, we'll not longer delay these young folk."

Without a sign of a pout or a protest, Irma Warren arose. I could picture the long, lonely, quiet day she was going to have in the big, old-fashioned mansion where she kept house for Mr. Haldane. So I cried impulsively:

"But Miss Warren—won't you let us carry her off for the day, Mr. Haldane? We've had no chance to get acquainted at all."

Tom flashed me a glance of commendation as Mr. Haldane, on whose oft-displayed approval of me I was counting, turned to Irma Warren.

"Would you like to accompany Mrs. Harrison and her friends, my dear? Jencks will give me lunch and bring coffee and sandwiches. So you've nothing to detain you at home. Now that I think of it, you stay in with me far too much."

"I'm very much obliged, I'm sure," said Miss Warren, but back of her words I glimpsed youth and a longing for companionship and gaiety. Still I didn't see how to break through her reserve and I was content to understand how welcome she would be.

"Oh, please, Miss Warren," cried Tom, with unmasked eagerness which was almost awkward. "I do want you to come. You can't refuse on the plea of another engagement. So if you don't go, we'll have to conclude that you—don't like us."

INVITATION REAL.

"Why, I do like you all very much. And I'd love to go, if Uncle"

"Come, ride with me, Miss Warren," he pleaded. "This Harrison-Lee-Hyland group is a sort of closed corporation. The fiancée part of it is stupidly in love. And the husband and wife pair are equally devoted, so let's each other and refrain from breaking up the combinations."

"I'd be very pleased to ride with you. Just put me where I won't be in the way."

"At this reply, which didn't play up to him in any way, Tom winced. But when he spoke it was after almost dogged, challenging look at me—a look I couldn't fathom."